

# GOLDEN ARGOsy

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## The Golden Magnet; OR, THE TREASURE CAVE OF THE INCAS.

BY G. M. FENN,

Author of "In the Wilds of New Mexico," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

WE START ON OUR JOURNEY.

I WAS always a boy of an adventurous turn of mind, and I had fully determined to go abroad.

I had been thinking over my plans for a long time before I broached them to my friend Tom Gilbert.

"Tom," I said one morning, perhaps rather abruptly, "I am going out to my Uncle Reuben's plantation in South America."

"South America, Harry!" replied Tom, eagerly, "why, that's just the very place I want to go to, too."

"Tom, I don't believe it," I said sharply. "If I had told you I was going

THE GUIDE AND I CRESTED TO THE EDGE OF THE MIGHTY PRECIPICE,  
AND SAW TOM GILBERT HANGING THERE, CLINGING  
DESERVATLY TO THE MULE'S  
LEATHERN BRIDLE,

to Australia or Timbuctoo, you would have said just the same thing."

"Dare say I should, Harry," answered Tom with a grin. "Any way I'm going with you."

At this point our conversation was interrupted by the appearance on the scene of my father.

"What are you two boys quarreling about?" he inquired, with an assumption of severity which deceived me not.

"We're not quarreling at all, father," I replied, in a voice that trembled a little. "I had made up my mind to tell him all about my plans, and I felt rather nervous as to the way in which he would receive them."

But how should I begin? I hesitated for a moment, when Tom Gilbert solved the problem by blurting out bluntly:

"Harry's going abroad, sir, and he said I wasn't going with him, and I said I wasn't at all."

"Oh, he's going abroad, is he?" said my father.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I have made up my mind to go and see if Uncle Reuben can find me anything to do."

"I hope you don't think that you are going to be a life of idleness out there, sir?"

"Oh no, sir," I replied, "I mean to work."

"Humph!" said my father; and then, without another word, he walked back into the house.

"I am glad," cried Tom, rubbing his hands together softly. "What a time of it we shall have, Harry!"

It was now time to be silent, and I stood watching Tom, and thinking as I struggled with myself that it would, after all, be very pleasant to have a sturdy trustworthy fellow like Tom always at my side when I was in a strange land.

For I had read that the descendants of the old Spaniards in South America were courtly, noble-looking gentlemen enough, but were bitter and revengeful, and not always disposed to look with favor upon foreign visitors. And so I had planned fortune seeking adventures—for truly enough I meant to go out to seek my fortune—I might make enemies, and be some time or another in danger? Then it would be nice to have such a comrade as Tom at my side.

I must tell you how it was that I had decided to go abroad. My father's business was the very unromantic one of soap boiling. He owned a small boiling house, in the quiet little town where I had been born and brought up, and was very proud of the hard yellow bars that it turned out. He had helped to keep no end of people clean, and made a comfortable living thereby; but the business had been growing smaller and smaller, and seemed to get worse and worse every year. Competition grew sharper and sharper, and our small factory was being driven to the wall by the large works, with their improved machinery and better prices.

My father himself had reluctantly admitted that unless things changed in some unexpected way it was useless for me to enter the business, and that I had better look out for some other opening in life.

My thoughts naturally turned to Uncle Reuben—my mother's brother, who had emigrated to South America, and had, by all accounts, made a handsome fortune by rare suggestion.

The chief consideration of that morning was the fact that, but by no means the last mention of my important project. Many were the discussions on the subject in the family councils, which I will not weary you with. It was Tom Gilbert who said that I should have my own way in the matter. Nobody but myself supposed that I should find my fortune in South America; but all agreed that even if I returned in a few months with a tattooed coat and one or two tokens, that I would do me good and give me a chance to pick up useful information. At any rate, it was scarcely possible that I should come to serious harm.

Now had I seen Tom Gilbert much difficulty in getting leave to accompany me. He was an orphan, and his guardian, who took very little interest in the boy, was rather pleased at getting this opportunity to be rid, for a time at least, of his troublesome ward.

The next few weeks passed rapidly away. There were many preparations for our approaching journey, which I need not describe; tearful farewells, which we were compelled to make, and then we were spending the time untilled to the great seaport where we were to embark on the steamer, for Havana, after which the rest of our voyage would have to be accomplished in a smaller trading vessel.

## CHAPTER II.

### LA GUAYRA.

It was nearly three weeks later that I was leaning over the rail of the steamer Orinoco, which had just come to anchor in the open roadstead off the port of La Guayra. Calm as it was, we could still feel the great swell that came softly swaying in, making us roll from side to side, from side, then to that, till heavily laden though she was, she careened over so that her copper glistened in the sun.

I was beginning to feast my eyes upon the coast of Venezuela when, when I was right forward, shouted to me to come, and as I glanced at him I saw that he was waving his hands so excitedly that there must be something worth seeing, and I turned around.

"I've seen something for you to have a look at, Harry," he cried, pointing down over the side of the vessel.

Sure enough there were two great sharks, twelve or fourteen feet long, cruising about in the clear water under the steamer's bows.

"I'd like to fish for those fellows," continued Tom. "Let's see if they'd go at a bait."

"How I cried.

"A moment, and I'll show you," he said and running to where one of the firemen was having a quiet pipe on deck, I saw Tom accost him, and then go down into the stoke hole, to come up again directly with a big lump of oily coal, bearing which he joined me.

"I'll catch this in my hand," he said, "just over them; or, no, it would make such a splash some of the sailors would come to see, I've got a piece of string in my pocket."

Tom always had a piece of string in his pocket, and unrolling it he loosely tied it round the lump of coal. Then, getting well on the bulkware, he raised the coal gently up and over the side, beginning to lower it down.

"Take care you don't go over instead of the coal, Tom," I said, with a grim smile.

The sharks were just below us, and eight or ten feet down, as Tom lowered the piece of coal right into the place, watching me with a splash and disturbance, the water so as to interrupt our view of what we hoped would take place. Then giving the string a jerk he loosened the coal, which began to descend rapidly. It hit the black surface with a brilliant clangor. When it was half way down, there was a tremendous swirl in the water, which danced and flashed and obscured our vision. Then by degrees the water calmed down, and there were the two sharks still there, but turned round with their heads in a fresh direction.

"Why, they took the coal, and the string's swallowed it, Harry," cried Tom excitedly.

"I think I can see it right down below there," I said; "but they did have a try at it."

"What are you young fellows doing there?" said a voice; and, as we turned sharply round, there stood the captain.

"This is," said Tom, "I only dropped something over to see if the big fish there would take it."

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "Sharks! Yes, there are plenty of them my lads. I shouldn't wonder if they should get a look at you a lump of hot pork, and hang that over by the string: that would fetch them."

Tom took the hint, and running to the cook told him what the captain said, returning a few moments later to where I was still watching the two monsters, the captain having gone.

"I'll tie this on, Harry," cried Tom, suiting the action to the word. "Don't wish we had a hook!"

The piece of meat was soon firmly se-

cured, and, twisting one end of the string round his hand, Tom took his old place beside me, chuckling and laughing, and began to lower down his bait, which was soon floating on the surface of the water.

Although the sharks remained motionless, as if, without the slightest movement, one of the sharks was growing bigger and closer. It seemed to fascinate us so cautiously did it rise nearer, and nearer, till it had curled right over its side, showing the bright white of its under parts; there was a gleam of teeth, a swirl in the water, and the greasy lump of salt pork disappeared.

As it did so I saw Tom give a sudden jerk, as he used to yet recall exactly what was wrong. Flinging my arms round him, I threw myself inboard, so that I dragged him with me, and we fell together upon the deck.

"Oh, my eye!" gasped Tom, as we sat up together, holding him by the hand, beginning to unwind the broken string, and showing how deeply it had cut into the flesh before it gave way.

"What an escape, Tom!" I cried, and as I spoke I felt that I must be looking very white.

"I should have gone overboard if you hadn't laid hold of me, Harry," he said, looking blankly in my face. "How strong that string was, and how it cut!" "Well, I suppose it was, Harry," he said, ruefully; "but one didn't think of it then."

## CHAPTER III.

### NIGHT ALARM.

AS the shuddering feeling of what Tom had escaped passed off, we saw that it was dark outside. We knew that he had acted foolishly; and I felt that we ought to have known better, and then soon enough, boy like, we forgot it all.

For there was a bright future spread before us, and we were safe now that, with such lovely places on the face of the earth, people could be content to live in our Northern land, with its cold winter seasons. There, seen through the cathedral arches, were the great cities of the world, grouped at the foot of a mountain, glistening with endless tins as it towered up nine thousand feet, wall and battlement running up the spur of the great mountain.

The scene was lovely, and I was in raptures then with all that lay before me, and again I asked myself how people could be content in the chilly Northern countries; but I soon understood all that.

Tom was walking by my side, and turning to him:

"What do you think of it, Tom?" I said.

"Hum!" he growled out; "there's a pretty good view. But goodness, he continued, with a sudden start, "do you see those sharks, Harry?"

I followed his pointing finger, and, to my horror, I could see cleaving the blue and creamy foamed water, close inshore, the black shapes of two or three half-sunken boats; while all the time dashing and splashing in and out of the surf, busily unloading boats and larger vessels, were dozens of mulatto porters, excited and shouting to the sky, intent on their work.

My heart beat intermittingly, and there was a strange dampness in my hands; but I soon learned that familiarity bred contempt, and that probably from the noise, and splashing kept up, the sharks had been scared very much.

But all the same, the sight made me gaze down into the blue depths where we were at anchor with a shudder, and think that the waters were not so safe as those of home.

I had yet to learn something of the new lands.

"What's this place called, Harry?" said Tom, interrupting my reverie. "You did tell me, but I've forgotten."

"La Guayra," Tom ejaculated. "Why can't they call places by some name in plain English?"

But the various strange sights and sounds soon silenced Tom's tongue, and tired out at last with a long walk, we went to the house that had been recom-

mended to us, and after partaking of coffee—the best I ever remember to have drunk, we sought our room. My last waking recollection were of the pungent fumes of tobacco, the tinkle, tinkle, twang, of the guitar, and my own.

I must have been asleep about three hours, and I was dreaming of having found gold enough to load a vessel homeward bound, when I was wakened by a noise, the sound of voices, and I started up. I became aware of a chafing noise, a choking sensation as of dust rising in a cloud, and the voice of Tom Gilbert.

"Harry, Harry! Wake up, will you."

"What's the matter?" I awoke, springing out of bed, but only to reel and stagger about before falling heavily.

"That's just how it served me," said Tom. "Kneel down, the same I do. The floor's going just like the deck of a ship."

"Where are you?" I cried, trying to collect my scattered faculties, for, as suddenly from a deep sleep, I was.

"Oh, I'm here!" said Tom. "Give's your hand. But I say, Harry, what does it mean? Do all the houses get dancing like that every night? Because, if so, I'll sleep in the fields. There it goes again!

Tom might well exclaim, for with the house rocking frightfully, now came from outside the peal of a thousand thunders, accompanied by the clang of bell, the crash, the falling walls, the sharp crackling and splitting of wood work, and the yelling and shrieking of people running to and fro.

"So this is a native storm, Harry?" shouted Tom to me during a pause.

"No, Tom, I'm not here as with a shiver of dread; I've come to feel the suspicion that had flashed across my brain."

"No, Tom, it's an earthquake!"

"Is that all?" grumbled Tom. "Well, it might have come in the daytime, and not folks were roused. But I thought everyone was sleeping."

"Here, for Heaven's sake help me at this door, Tom!" I shouted, "or we shall be crushed to death. Here, push—push!"

By our efforts were vain, for just then came another shock, and one side of the room split open from floor to ceiling.

"The window—the window, Tom!" I shrieked. And then, though rousted to our danger, we both made for the entrance, reaching it just as, with a noise like thunder, down went the whole building.

It seemed to me I had been struck a violent blow. The next instant I was struggling among the broken wood, dust, and flying furniture, for there was a horrible dread upon me that at the next three of the earthquake we should be buried alive far down in the bowels of the earth.

How it all happened I know not, but the next minute was at liberty.

"Tom, Tom!" I shouted, feeling about, for the darkness was fearful.

"Where are you?"

"All right, Harry," was the reply; "close behind you."

"Here, here's your hand," I shouted, and let's run down to the shore."

For in my horror that was the first place that occurred to me.

"I can't," said Tom. "I've got no legs, and can't stand on them about anywhere, can you?"

"What do you mean?" I cried. "This is no time for fooling! Look sharp, or we shall lose our lives."

"Well, so I am looking sharp," growled Tom. "Ain't I looking for my legs? I can't find them anywhere. Oh, here they are!"

Tom was not joking. By this time I had crawled to him over the ruins of the house, to which he had been jammed in, and which had broken his two knees. As he told me afterward, the shock had produced a horrible sensation, just as if his legs had been taken off, a sensation heightened by the fact that he could feel down to his knees and no further.

"This is a pleasant spot to take a house on lease," Harry," he said, as I tore at the woodwork.

"Are you hurt?" I exclaimed hastily.

"Not as I know of, Harry, only my legs have no feeling in them. Stop a

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minute, I think I can get that one out now."

We worked so hard, that at the end of a few minutes Tom was at liberty, and after chafing his legs a little he was able to stand.

Meanwhile the horrors around were increasing every instant. To my excited fancy it seemed as if the earth was like some thin pieces of carpet, which was being made to undulate and pass in waves from side to side.

Dust everywhere, choking, palpable dust; and then across afar off came a faint roar, and as far as the eye could see, with a furious rush, a fierce wind came tearing through the ruins of the smitten town, sweeping all before it. We had to cower down and seek protection from the storm of earth, sand, dust, plaster, and fragments hurled against us by the hurricane.

But the rush of wind was as brief as it was fierce, and it passed away. In the lull that followed, there came shrieks and moans from the ruins, and the sounds of human struggling faint, and then all at once, from out of the thick darkness a voice cried in our own tongue:

"Quick—quick! To the mountain—the sea is coming in!"

Then came more walls and shrieks from out of the darkness, followed by a silence that was more awful than the noise.

For full five minutes that silence lasted, broken only by the fall of some tottering beam or wall, or by a single, sharp, other, short, sharp, shivering vibration of the earth beneath our feet—a shuddering movement that was transferred to one's own frame.

I began to understand the meaning of the cry we had heard, and the reason for from the direction where I supposed it to be, there now came a singular hissing, rushing noise, gradually increasing to a roar, as of mighty waves. Mingled with that roar there was the cracking and grinding of iron, of steel, of iron and the horse shouting of the crew for help.

But gradually the noises ceased, save when a shuddering shock once more made the earth to tremble beneath our feet, and some scrap of wood or plaster to fall, and still another, still another, tremendous choking dust, too, began to settle down as we groped our way along over the ruins that choked the streets.

Now we were lost—now, after a struggle, we regained the way, trying to join the others, and the sounds of fugitives hastening from the places.

I spoke to one man, asking him if there was any more danger, but his reply was in Spanish; and at last, led by Tom—who seemed by instinct to know his way—up to the shore of the lake, we with wreck, when, seizing a rope, and drawing a boat to the sand, Tom told me to enter, and we half lay there, rising and falling upon the wave—rocked gently, but never ever, till the sun rose over the sea, bright, glorious, and peaceful, as if there had been no havoc and desolation during the night.

CHAPTER IV.  
TOM'S PERIL.

SAY, Harry, you won't stop in this awful place, will you?" said Tom, as, in the full light of day, we were hours after finally helping the town, extracting the dead and wounded, and assisting to bear them to the temporary hospital prepared for their reception.

The house where we had slept was, like hundreds more of the lightly built tenements, prostrate; or visiting the scene of the catastrophe, I might say. Everywhere the mischief done was appalling—houses toppled down, streets choked with ruins, towers split from top to bottom, and stones hurled from the unroofed buildings into the gaping cracks and fissures of the earth.

But now that the first fight was over, people seemed to take the matter very coolly, flocking back to the town, to sit and smoke and eat fruit amidst the ruins of the houses, while others quietly set to work to restore and repair.

"Has there ever been an earthquake here before?" I said to a merchant who spoke English.

"Earthquakes, my dear senior? Yes, they are common things here."

"How will the inhabitants rebuild the town?"

"Surely. Why not? The site is charming."

I had my thoughts upon the subject, but did not express them; so, too, had Tom, but he did express his as above.

"Say, Harry, you won't stop here, will you?"

"No," I said; "we are going up the country."

"Because this place ain't safe—there's a screw loose house underground somewhere. Not that I mind. Earthquakes ain't so much account after all, if they'd come in the day time; but all the same, I wouldn't stop."

I had no intention of stopping, only just long enough to see the place and make arrangements for the prosecution of our journey. This catastrophic hurried the departure, but at the end of three days we were both mounted on mules, traveling over hot, bare plains, with the sun pouring down until one's brain seemed scorched. When at last water was reached, it was thick and muddy, and though we quenched our thirsty thirst we could not have touched it.

My ideas of South America had been undergoing a great change during the past few days, and, quite disappointed, in the midst of a long, burning ride, I made some remark to Tom about the heat.

"Hot, Harry?" he said. "This ain't hot."

"Tis a little warmer than the other place, because there is no sea breeze, but I could stand a good deal more than that."

"I suppose you'll be all right."

These mules are the best in the world, though they won't go like a horse,

nor yet like a donkey; and as to kicking—"

Tom stopped short, for he wanted his breath again, and after a short pause, having once more turned refractory, kicking, rearing, shaking itself in an effort to dislodge its rider, spinning round and round, laying its long ears flat upon its neck, tucking its tail close in between its hind legs, and then squeaking and squealing in the most outrageous manner imaginable.

At first I was in a state of tremor lest his vagaries should infest the beast; ridged by myself and the guide; but, holding on firmly, I dried myself—holding on, a hundred they might have been, from their gray and mazy aspect.

"Oh, senior," said the guide, proudly, "the mule is perfect! He is a magnificent beast, but he has his antipathies, and I am sure he is not by nature a mule; he is a most holy and Christian mule."

"Oh, Tom," said I, "he is a senior, I assure you."

"Yes, senior," he said, "let your friend ride my beast and I will take him, and then you will see how peaceable he is."

At first Tom did not seem disposed to agree, but he did not like the idea, and I ordered him to mount, and accidents tending so greatly to lengthen our stay. So the exchange of mules was made, and we went once more.

"See, senior!" said the guide. "He is a pattern mule, is Juan; he goes like a lamb."

"Haw, haw, haw, how! Look at that, Harry—there's a game!" roared Tom, for the guide had hardly done speaking, just as we were traveling pleasantly along, when Juan, the mule, stopped short, put his head behind his ears, elevated his hind quarters, and the next moment the guide was sitting amongst the stones, staring up at us with a most comical expression of countenance.

"The beast has been cured!" he cried, angrily, as he rose. "Curse—curse—curse!" But you shall starve for this Juan!"

"Let me have a turn at him," cried Tom, as he started off to catch the mule, which was now running like a mad thing, yards, and was searching amongst with his nose amongst the sand and stones for a few succulent blades of grass, where there was not so much as a thistle or a cactus to be seen.

"I hope you no wish to be caught, and after leading his pursuer a tolerable distance, he stopped short, and placed all four hoofs together, so as to turn easily, as upon a pivot, presenting always his tall to the hand that caught at his bridle.

"Poor fellow, then! Come, then—come over," said Tom, soothingly.

But the only response he obtained was an occasional lift of the beast's heels, and an angry kick.

"Say, ignorant brute, you can't understand plain English!" cried Tom angrily.

"No, senior, he is a true Spanish mule," said the guide, coming up.

"I have never seen a mule managed to catch Juan. Holding tightly by the reins, the guide vented his displeasure and took his revenge by thoroughly drumming the poor brute's ribs with a stout stick, after which Tom mounted, and took his journey for the next two hours was without incident.

But we were not to get to the end of the day without an alarming mishap. The sun had begun to descend, and we were panting along, clinging for the last of our strength to the sides of our throats, when Juan began to show that the pain from the guide's drumming had evaporated.

First of all he indulged in a squeal or two, then he contrived to kick it in the middle of the back of its legs. Enclosed in the success of this maneuver, he waited his time, and then, sliding up to his companion ridden by the guide, he discharged a fierce kick at him, nearly catching the guide in the shin; and then, with a yell, he struck a blow from a stick right upon Juan's backbone which made him shake his head with dissatisfaction till his ears rattled.

He had forgotten the pain, though, in testing his strength, and the hint we had theretofore was a signal, and he, slight of heel, in which, to all appearance, Juan stood, perpendicularly upon his nose and fore feet for half a minute, while his rider, or rather his late rider, rolled over, and, the center of a cloud of impalpable dust, coming out snorting and muttering fiercely.

"There!" exclaimed Tom, as he jumped up and began beating the dust from his garments. "That's four times that you've hit me off today. Now, Harry, to see what you try him half an hour, Harry, to see what he's like."

"Not I, thank you, Tom," was my reply.

"I am very well content," replied Tom, and I, Harry, for he makes me so sorry, but I'm not better yet, I can tell him. Come, over, then."

But the mule would not "come over, then" and there ensued a fierce fight between Tom and his steed.

It might have been imagined, to see the two men, Tom and the guide, each armed with a stick, and the mule, who was now more seated upon its back in triumph.

Apparently cowed, now that the jacket was removed, the mule journeyed on very peacefully, till, however, we began to ascend precipitous mountains, and the mule, each time, growing more and more stately, grand, and at the same time dangerous. And now it was that we began to see the qualities of the mules in the cautious way they picked their way, feeling each loose rock and pebble before setting foot to it, and doing much towards removing a strange sensation of tremor evoked by the fact that we were progressing along a shell of rugged rock some two feet wide, the mule standing side upon our right, a vast precipice on the left.

More than once I was for getting down, but the guide dissuaded me, as he declared that it was far better to trust to the mules, who were never known to slip.

A couple of miles of traveling served to somewhat reassure me, familiarity with danger breeding contempt; and I called out to Tom:

"I hope your beast won't bear malice, Tom, for he would be an awkward place for him to hit."

I said so thoughtlessly, just at a time when we were descending, Tom's beast, which was before me, walking along with the most rigorous care as to where he set his feet.

"Oh, Tom, don't, Harry," whined Tom, "don't! This mule understands every word you say! I'm not afraid, only he might—"

Tom's sentence was not finished; for, in fact, just as every word I had uttered had been comprehended, down

went the beast's head, his heels were elevated, and the next moment, to my horror, poor Tom was over the side of the precipice, flying swiftly down to apparent destruction.

He was brought up, though, the next moment, by the reins, which he tightly grasped, and which, fortunately, did not give way, though they tightened with a jerk that must have nearly dislocated the mule's neck.

The leather strained and stretched, but luckily held firm; while, planting its fore feet close to the edge of the precipice, and then driving its body back against the sharp wall, the mule held on to the rock itself, but snorting loudly as with glaring eyeballs it stared down at Tom.

The poor fellow hung there, trying to catch some hold for his feet, uttering no sound, only gasping up at me with a wild look that said plainly as could be, "Don't leave me here to die!"

It was no easy task to help him; for the guide and I had both to dismount on the side of the precipice, clinging the while to our mules; but we achieved that part of our task, and the next moment, one on each side of Juan, we were kneeling down and trying to reach Tom's hands.

Our efforts were vain, for the mule was in the way, and there was not standing room for all three. There was but one way of helping, and that looked too desperate to be attempted, and I hesitated to propose it as Khan shivering with fear.

The same thought, though, had occurred to Tom, and in a husky voice he said:

"Take hold of the guide's hand, Harry, and creep under the mule's legs to his side."

It was no time to hesitate; and I did as I was told, the mule giving utterance to an almost human shriek as I passed. "Now can you both reach the bridle?" Tom asked.

"Yes, yes!" we both exclaimed.

"Hold on tight, then, while one of you cuts it through, and then the mule will be out of the way."

We each took a good grip of the leather, and Tom, with a yell, cut the mule's full weight upon our muscles; and then crouching down so as not to be drawn over, I hastily drew out my knife, opened it with some difficulty by means of my teeth, and then tried to cut the bridle with a single blow.

But feeling himself partly relieved of his burden, the mule began to grow restless, stamping, whinnying, and trying to get free.

For a moment I thought we might urge him on, up; but, as the narrowness of the ledge forbade it, and he would only have been drawn sideways off the rein broke.

Twice I tried to cut the bridle, but twice the mule balked me, and I was glad to ease the fearsful strain on one arm by catching at the hand that held the knife's mouth.

"Try again, Harry, please," whispered Tom, "I can't stand much longer."

With a resolute heart I again gripped the rein, and divided it close at the mule's mouth.

He started back a few inches, tightening the other rein; but now, once more, I was grasping the mule with both hands, least he might slip through my fingers. At the same moment the knife fell, striking Tom on the cheek and making the blood spout out, before flying down—down to a depth that was horrible to contemplate.

I was a fearful thing, and as I crouched there a cold sensation seemed to be creeping through the marrow of all my bones. We could not raise Tom for the mule, I could not cut the rein, and upon asking I found that the guide had no knife, and, what was worse, it was evident that he was losing nerve.

I dared not try to heave—it would have been madness,umbered and crowded together as we were; and in those brief moments of agony seemed to me that I was Tom's murderer; for, on account of his tall thin thirst for combat, he might have been safe at home.

"Try—try again, Harry," whispered the poor fellow imploringly. "Don't leave me here to die!"

(To be continued.)







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Beyond the quay a picturesque mountain rose in gentle ascent, terraced all the way by gullies filled with a wealth of Southern floralities; while a beautiful country mansion crowned the slope, glittering white as snow in the rich moonlight.

Flight after flight of bright marlin steered the wooded bays and inlets of the coast, and no gull lay at rest, while Jaha brought up the rear, grinning with glee at his improved prospects, and clinging faithfully to a host of catalogues, which told him where they were, past flowers and fountains, statues and summer houses—a scene to dream about!

At last they reached their master, a noble gentleman who had been handed down from father to son for many a generation of Walsinghames; built of bone and encrusted by vermillion, with pillars of gold, and covered with the flowering creepers which flung their perfumes abroad on every breath of the night.

Mr. Walsingham rang the bell vigorously, fetching the steward, who had just passed over the up stairs balcony room, while a dignified voice demanded :

"Who's there?—anyhow, makin' dat row at dia time o' night?"

"Halloa! I Rasha, that you?" laughed his master, stepping back from the door to show him in. "I been waitin' down, down, you rascal, and let me and my guests in."

The old fellow uttered a "Huh!" of astonishment, and was soon running, and having having got his coat off, he cried, "I could be heard shouting through the halls the joyful yellin'—"

"Ah, Walsingham done come home!"

Lights sprang up here and there, footsteps scampered about, and at last a chattering company approached the door, when warily open by Miss Kate, who had been half in her establishment; and a row of grinning darkies ranged themselves on either side, while a slim, a white, shape, with golden hair, stepped out, smiling with a shrug of lightning joy.

"Yon, Kate! You rogue! How are you here?" exclaimed he, submitting resignedly to be led into the room, "but we've got to see you, now, this school, and your papa?" "Excuse," said the young lady, catching him by the lapels of his coat and surveying him with loving confidence. "So Madame DeSombeault sent us to you, and we been waitin' and waitin' awaiting you for days; and oh! I'm going wild with joy to see my own old papa again!" and she smothered him in a kiss.

The boys looked on with different emotions. Warren glowed with pleasure. This happiness at finding a parent was well understood by him, and he would have been glad to have met his father, for so in the old days he would have met his father. Tim Sloper shuddered drearily, as if the sight smote him.

Such was the first sight of the strangers behind her father, and instantly "dropping him like a hot potato," as he put it, said behind his back, the man of oil, "I'm bound to hide his drooping rate and stretching tresses, and from that covert acknowledged their introductions with as dignified an air as she could put on."

"Come, come, saucy Kate, you must treat my boys well," remonstrated her father, laughing. "But for them, under Providence, I might never have seen you again." "I know that, on, more seriously. "Yes, my child, it's true, you have Mr. Marvin and Tim Sloper to thank for your mother's life."

Tim Sloper gave the boys each a hand—a frank, friendly hand, with a firm grasp to it that spoke of a true heart.

"I'm bound to be treated like strangers here, then," said she, sweetly. "Come in; you are at home." And drew them with her into the hall, like a young princess leading in two swallows.

Mr. Walsingham followed, surrounded by his servants, who chattered their delight at his return with infinite exuberance.

Aristotle, a stark boy, who showed the box of gold to a handsome young mulatto, saying carelessly :—

"Then Dolph, take that to my strong room—Rasha has the key, and see that you lock the door safely again."

Meeting the astonished glances of his two young allies, Mr. Walsingham said, reassuringly :

"Have no fear for my treasure any longer, for my house is safe, and I have no fear for you, my good folk. Not one of them will ever waste me—oh, good folk!" And their devoted affection indeed included any fear of treachery from their master, for it was he who, when the boys had thought of it, said it was the heedless thoughtless chattering of these grown up children, who might by a word bring covetous harpies prowling around the gold even yet.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE CONSPIRATOR'S PUNISHMENT.

S nothing could be effected by proceeding, in the two hours before daylight, the few remaining hours of the night were spent by the returning voyagers in resting, taking refreshment, and narrating their labours to Miss Kate. A throng of dusky hearers stood about the doors, drinking in the

marvelous tale with goggling eyes and open mouths. Mr. Walsingham or Kate not appearing to attach the slightest importance to their presence.

Before an hour had passed every soul in Silver Hill (the name of Mr. Walsingham's house) knew about the four gold bricks and the secret of their value, fastened to the leaves, and the townsfolk heard from the constables that the Canucks were grinning at the master of the house, a good man of the republic, and snarling at the power of Colonay law to make them suffer for it, then, indeed, the Frenchmen were to run through the assembled throng like wildfire. Fists were clinched, and sticks were brandished, and the boys were shouting from right to left, the Canucks grinned on the wrong side of their mouths, and let their pipes go out for lack of breath to puff them.

At dawn, Mr. Walsingham, taking only Dolph with him to drive the team, dashed into the town, and went to the station to lodge his complaint against Petipas and the rest and to request the attendance of a couple of stout policemen to escort the party with whom he intended to place them for the present.

He went to the bank manager's residence. Since the master of the house had been sojourning with him, he had promised him a salary, and roused him up and transacted his business with him. Then he was ready to return home.

But the master was busy about his affairs, and the news was not good, so he waited by chattering about them to whoever would listen to the tale: so that when Mr. Walsingham drove home, he found the town in a bustle, and his wife had been so solitary an hour ago, now dotted with the townspeople, whose faces were all set toward Silver Hill. Mr. Walsingham, however, was not to be easily deceived, and he had the courage to mayored that the object of the exodus was his own gold, which the people of Colonay had in mind to bring away. "We would not turn out to see that sight?"

Mr. Walsingham shook his head as he demanded to be let into his study, and when he might attack more rascals round his gold. He saw that he had been imprudent in talking so openly about his affairs. He should have been more discreet, and his master's silence was no means to equal their loyalty.

And yet, so far as the gold was concerned, all seemed to end in gloom. Captain Stalwart, a man appointed specially by Mr. Walsingham with a hawk on his belt, had taken the custody of the four gold bricks, signed a receipt for them, and had them put into his safe. The master returned to town under the protection of the policemen, while the expectant sightseers stared at their hardest at the vehicle, and grumbled that the police had been too slow.

Not till the gold lay in the vault of the Colonay bank, did its owner breathe freely, or vent his feelings that he had a million dollars richer than he had before been.

The moment the gold left Silver Hill Mr. Walsingham was free to pursue his welfare, and the police who had been sent to his house to cove, and he immediately went abroad, accompanied by the boys, and also Miss Kate, who had not been left behind. A strong force of police officers, however, followed them, and set them in high spirits.

The morning was lovely, the sky brilliant in an unusual shade of blue, when they sighted the North Sea not far from where they had left her, groaning profusely to the morning ripples, like a deck a solitude. Mr. Walsingham, however, was not to be daunted by the unimpassioned crew, who gave no trouble, but permitted themselves to be removed to the steamer with an air of indifference, instead of a regard for safety, to those whom they had caused such disquietude.

Petipas, like many of his stripe, French or English, was fond of making of himself a show to teach him how far he could go in breaking the laws without getting caught; and he had been hanging his confederates during their trials.

What had they to fear, argued he? What had they done? They had not killed a man for hire, nor had they only murdered, but had done anything. He it was who had poisoned Monsieur's liquor. He it was who had cut the pilot, and pup was either dead in his cabin, or dying, since they had heard nothing from him all night.

In fact, Mr. Walsingham was safe and so was his master. What was their crime that they should fear?

Some one suggested that Mr. Walsingham might prosecute them for carrying off the yacht, and the master agreed to do so, but he refused them to work her to Carolina. But here again the accomplished Petipas had his answer ready. How could it be, they got it, that the master of the house had not the right? No, it was Monsieur Marvin, who alone knew what a man was worth, and he had not the right. He it was who had condoned the pilot, and pup was either dead in his cabin, or dying, since they had heard nothing from him all night.

Thus was the boy not fairly started, but the rascals, leaving not a hood behind; and there their victims wallowed till the police got a boat and rowed out to their sum. They were not armed with any weapons, but the pilot, who had the socket in which he was glued; finally the mabolorous squad was marched to the police station, and paraded clean before being presented under guard.

Thus was justice of a rough and ready sort dealt out to the two rascals, who richly deserved it, and they got it. The master of the house, however, had been convicted by the testimony of Warren of aiding Dupont in his attempt on Mr. Walsingham, and he was condemned to serve under heavy bonds, which he could not pay, and no one would pay for him, so he was sent to the penitentiary to work out his time.

For Aristotle, and the other two, were dismissed with a reprimand, and were glad to retire into immediate obscurity, having had more than enough of Colonay popularity.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## TIM SLOPER'S SECRET.

To return to the story of the boys, we must take it up when they were leaving the master's house, after having given their testimony. Petipas had them with him, and they were exchanged some grim amanathas with each other.

However, the gentlemen from Grand Met began to look blue when Colonay came in sight, and all of course had been called upon for their names; and Warren had felt obliged to give his true one, adding a brief explanation of the

cause of his wearing another than his own. As he spoke he had been much disturbed by Sloper's sudden agitation and evident distress, fearing that his companion might suspect him of having been a conspirator for the slave-hammonering for so long under an alias.

Now as the two boys strolled along the street together, waiting for Mr. Walsingham to overtake them, they met a man who had just alighted at a stable by Dolph after having driven Kate home. Warren was observing with pain his comrade's countenance, and asked him for his opinion on the subject. Tim walked on in silence, thinking very sadly, to himself, "What's in my mind?"

"Out with it!" cried Warren impatiently at last. Sloper started, and muttered some inarticulate words, which died on his lips as his unhappy thoughts took possession of his face.

"You're thinking that I must be a false fellow, sailing under false colors— isn't that it?"

Sloper shook his head with a sad smile.

"You're from miles to the truth, Warren Haviland," said he. "I haven't the shadow of a doubt that you're a true man, and any how, and anyway, it isn't likely that I should venture to judge any one."

He was silent in silence for a few minutes, great red perspiration by turns, and evidently greatly perturbed. At length he asked timidly, "Where do you people live?"

"In New York," his master replied. "My father had died a few weeks ago, and he had only dear mother."

As he spoke Sloper weighed his face, and Warren divined with a strange shock that the boy was crying.

For a moment the burden of his past fault lay heavily as lead upon his spirit. Surely, thought Warren, if repentance could wash out sins, he would be more worthy to be loved than before he had sinned.

For a moment the idea occurred to Warren that Sloper might be an unknown relative of his, but this could not be, since the Havilands of whom he was a member owned no connections of the name of Sloper. There were plenty of Havilands to choose from, but it was a common enough name.

Then he enquired whether his master had been through about those relatives of his, how it was before then that his brother had come upon him. He wished the lonely boy would tell him his story, for he might help him somehow, and he had no one else to turn to. He entreated Sloper to confide in him, told his own story, and related his search for his cousin Tim Fenwick, to ask about Mrs. Haviland's loan to the latter.

"I might have told you all this long ago, but someone has interfered with our talk, our own talk," he continued. "I can't tell you what I meant by that. I was lying, hiding my tracks from the rascal McPade. You don't feel aggrieved, do you, Tim?"

"Oh no, no," exclaimed his friend earnestly. "How little right I have to blame anybody—least of all! You were quite right to be cautious among strangers, it's true, but you know me, Warren. What should you do if you found yourself in a hole like this?"

"I might get him to tell me the truth about the money, for I mean I certain hat Hawk led to me," answered Warren decidedly.

"How little right I have to blame anybody—least of all! You were a good fellow. You never gave up your friends to yourself, and he was your friend's hand."

At this moment Mr. Walsingham overtook them, and they sprang into his carriage. Warren requested to be driven to the telegraph office.

"I have not had a chance to hear from my mother since Fortescue and a telegram will bring her anxiety instantaneously, and I shall write to to-day for her mail."

"As they drove through the streets he gave Mr. Walsingham an outline of his story, to which the gentleman listened with deep interest.

"As long as your mother has that promissory note in her possession, Hawk can be forced to give up our son, and our son is the only one which he has swallowed," observed he at the end. "At all events, I owe my young hero a good turn, and I'll help him to his service."

"As with a hand disposed to do him harm, so with you, and you will, and you will fight your battle," said Tim, with a sad smile, "for I, too, owe him to you."

"I'm in luck, and Hawk may as well throw up the sponge," said Warren, gayly: "but I won't care much for the victory unless I find my Cousin Tom, and find him what he ought to be."

"I fear your cousin's a rogue," remarked Mr. Walsingham.

"I'm sure of it," cried Sloper.

"I don't believe it," cried Warren, hotly.

"Anyhow, do say so, and I'll help it."

(To be continued)



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41 WABASH STREET, NEW YORK.

ent case is one of the most difficult things to acquire in story writing, but then all excellence must be won by conquering.

We believe it was somewhere in New Jersey that a man once built a boat in the cellar of his house, and after it was all finished discovered that he would have to take it apart in order to get it out to the river. At any rate, it is a New Jersey paper that tells the story of a very stout carpenter, who, being told to set the studding in the room of a cottage he was rebuilding twelve inches from center to center, followed his instructions so faithfully that when quitting time came he found he had made a prisoner of himself. And this he was only by knocking down one of the studs that he was able to get home to super.

We now have an opportunity to see how history is made. The recent death of the emperor of Germany, at a time when his son, the heir to the throne, is himself said to be on the verge of the grave, is a coincidence of rare occurrence. The occasion is a "Once in a lifetime" kind, if only for a day, making a great deal to his wife, who will thus, even if left a widow, receive the income of a dowager empress. Had his husband died before his father, the succession would have passed directly to his son, the young Prince William, whose political views and ambitions are reported to be at variance with those of his parents. It will thus be seen that even royalty has its seamy side, and the history now being acted out in the Fatherland will be read from day to day by thousands with eager interest equal to that aroused by serial fiction.

BUMBLE BEES AT A PREMIUM.

It seems as though Australia must pay up for the value of its gold fields by drawbacks in other directions. The rabbit pest has already been described in these columns; if the Australian colonists exchange their rabbits for bumble bees they would have a poor chance, as the saying is, "Bumble bees!" you exclaim. "What possible use can they be?"

They are wanted to assist in the growth of clover, which cannot be produced in Australia, owing to the absence of these lazy, buzzing insects, who fertilize the clover seed by carrying the pollen from blossom to blossom. It is said that a Kentucky farmer has advertised for \$10,000 worth—however many that may be—of bumble bees to be shipped to the antipodes.

#### A HEALTH HINT.

If a boy owns a bicycle, he knows that to enjoy its use he must attend carefully to cleaning and cleaning, otherwise the nicely polished parts will become clogged and incapable of performing their office. But every boy, whether he possesses a bicycle or not, owns a machine ten times more valuable and holds worthy of the most audacious and thoughtful attention, which, alas, it all too seldom receives. Unless, indeed, it gets out of order, when there is great lamenting and a rapid resort to the repair shop, which an ounce of prevention might have rendered unnecessary.

The machine to which we refer is the human body, with which no piece of machinery of man's contrivance can compare for its wonderful perfection. And yet how persistently it is neglected, and what widespread ignorance exists concerning its structure and function!

Almost everyone knows that soles must be cleaned from a stove at regular intervals, yet many who "grow up" realize that the pores of the skin give forth the soles, so to speak, of the system, which must be removed by frequent washing of the entire body?

Groom your horse and your bicycle by all means, but do not neglect their master.

#### HOW TO WRITE A STORY.

We recently quoted in these columns from Julian Hawthorne's advice to beginners in literature. We have reason to know that authorship is a profession possessing a perennial interest to a large proportion of our readers, so we make no apology for so soon reverting to the topic.

This time our reason for doing so is to give our young story-writer the benefit of an excellent guide book set up by Edgar Fawcett, the successful novelist, in the course of a paper on his craft contributed to the *New York World*.

In referring to the construction of the plot, he says that this should seem to be evolved from the influence of the characters upon one another, and not of the sort to arouse in the reader the suspicion that a string of incidents had been thought out first and then the characters made to fit them.

This is, in fact, the fault with the great bulk of the stories that the *ARGOSY* is compelled to reject, week after week—the actors in the narratives lack individuality, they never seem to have had the breath of life breathed into them. When they talk one naturally looks around to find the string the author has pulled as his little sister would have to pull it when she wishes her to say "papa" or "mama."

We acknowledge that naturalness and appear-

#### A SPLENDID SERIES OF STORIES.

ALTHOUGH MURKIN'S POPULAR SERIES has only a few months to go, the number of subjects treated in the stories is very great—one and of a sort to suit all tastes. Boys with a fondness for reading of adventures amid mountain woods and crags will be charmed with "The Mountain Cave," while those who enjoy following the fortunes of treasure seekers will do well to embark with Jack Bond on his "Voyage to the Gold Coast." Those who long for the scent of the sea will find it to perfection with "The Boys in the Forecastle," while enthusiasts over the "Wild West" will do well to make the acquaintance of "Jack Wheeler." We all like to hear of sharers of one another's joys, so that readers of "Barbara's Triumphs" should be numbered by thousands, while it is equally understandable that there is a fundamental element of human nature, however the large the scope of the story treats of, "The Mystery of a Diamond." Everybody is interested in street boy life, so that it is not necessary to more than mention that "No. 9" concerns itself with the career of a New York telegraph boy, while the latest issue of the series—"The Young Acrobat"—is a circus story, written by the famous Horatio Alger, Jr. The coupling of these two statements is worth volumes of laudatory adjectives.

Remember that each book is neatly bound in attractive covers, contains full page illustrations and costs only twenty cents.

#### THE BEST STORIES PRESENTED IN THE FINEST SHAPE.

This continues to be the concurrent testimony of countless readers of the *ARGOSY*, expressed in various forms and by both young and old. Here are some testimonials of this description that came to hand shortly before the great storm snowed the mails under.

Geo. W. 13d St., New York, March 13, 1885.

Hurrah for the *ARGOSY*!—NORMAN MITCHELL.

A mother case in which he figured prominently was that of Charles Read's suit for libel against *The Round Table*, a New York literary magazine, which, after a trial of nearly a year, "Griffith Gaunt" which was published in its columns, Mr. Whitney appeared for the defense, and the trial, which lasted a week, resulted in his clients' favor, the jury declining to award more than nominal damages to the defendant but over sensible English novelist.

HERBERT R. TANNER,  
LAW OFFICES, N. Y., March 7, 1885.

Allow me to compliment you on your paper, I've taken and read nearly all the papers in the country, and I can assure you that the *ARGOSY* can compare with your own.

W. A. ALLAN.

Since I started a *Moral Magazine* in the Spring of 1881, I have had a growing liking for it. I am a printer by trade, and have a good knowledge of the art—the quality of paper and ink used. I like the nature of the *ARGOSY*'s stories, but am especially fond of "Under Fire" and "Mr. Halgrave's Ward."

HOWARD BURR,

#### HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Secretary of the Navy.

The present condition of the American navy has been the subject of many bitter laments and state jokes innumerable, besides giving serious disquiet to those interested in national defense, and providing a perpetual theme of discussion by which would reformers. With the causes of the existing state of things it is impossible to deal here, interesting as the topic is, and important as is a knowledge of it to our national welfare. Those who have given sufficient time to studying the subject can understand the magnitude of the task entailed upon the present Secretary of the Navy, who is striving to build up from the foundation the materials from which a powerful fleet can be evolved.

The management of Secretary Whitney's department has perhaps received more approbation from the country than any other branch of the present Government. He has a good deal of interest attaches to the energetic official who presides over it.

William Collier Whitney was born at Conant, Massachusetts, in 1838. He was the son of General James S. Whitney, who died in 1859 after a long and active life, having served under President Pierce as a general of the Government arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts, and under President Buchanan as Collector of Customs in the port of Boston.

The future Secretary of the Navy was educated at Williston Seminary, in Easthampton, Massachusetts, and afterward at Yale. He graduated with distinction in the famous New Haven college in 1863, being chosen to deliver the class oration, and sharing the first prize for English oratory with William G. Sumner, later professor of political law at Yale.

He then went through a course at the Harvard law school. After taking various degrees, he came to New York, where he continued his legal studies under the guidance of Abraham R. Lawrence, who was afterward one of the judges of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Whitney made a specialty of what is known as corporation law—that branch of the profession which deals with the legal affairs of incorporated companies. This, as well known, is extremely remunerative to the successful practitioner.

For several years he was counsel to the Continental Life Insurance Company, the New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Company, and several railroad and steamship corporations.

A famous case in which he figured prominently was that of Charles Read's suit for libel against *The Round Table*, a New York literary magazine, which, after a trial of nearly a year, "Griffith Gaunt" which was published in its columns, Mr. Whitney appeared for the defense, and the trial, which lasted a week, resulted in his clients' favor, the jury declining to award more than nominal damages to the defendant but over sensible English novelist.

His first office ever held by Mr. Whitney was that of school trustee for the Twenty First Ward of New York. His real entrance into politics was when, in conjunction with Judge Lawrence, he took an active part in the struggle with the gang of municipal corruptors known as the Tweed ring, during the years 1870 and 1871. He joined Mayor Wickham, Governor Tilden and other leading citizens in forming the Apollo Hall organization, which proved a powerful factor in the work of reform.

He is a red, and the most robust man

in 1872 Mr. Whitney was a candidate for the office of district attorney on the ticket nominated by Apollo Hall, but was not successful. Three years later Mayor Wickham appointed him corporation counsel, a position to which he was twice reappointed, and which he held for seven years, finally resigning in November, 1878.

He was among the founders of the Young Men's Democratic Club, and assisted in the formation of the Irving Hall organization. He was also one of the original members of the party to found the People's Democracy, with which he was latterly identified.

His selection for a position in President Cleveland's cabinet was received with general acclause, which has grown into satisfaction as his admirable executive capacity has been exhibited. A few partisan sneers at the "old salt

from Fifth Avenue" have been drowned in the chorus of public approval at his earnest and successful effort to reform the abuses which have brought the American navy to its low estate, and to inaugurate a policy which gives it a chance of recovery. To build a fleet of modern war ships is the work of many years; but our navy, though practically non-existent, now shows at least a promise and a promise of life and strength in the near future.

Mr. Whitney owns a handsome house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty Seventh Street, opposite to the palatial residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt. He is married to the daughter of Senator Payne of Ohio, and both himself and his wife are popular as well as prominent in the best society of New York and Washington.

P. H. TITTERINGTON.

A MOTHER can feel where she cannot see, She is wiser than any sage;—C. W. CURRY.

I shall certainly get my wage, And though he has wandered far away, I know where he is, I know what he is, I know whatever, wherever he is, He's my boy still!—C. W. CURRY.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

LADNESS travels so slow that Poverty soon overtakes him.—C. W. CURRY.

The ever burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.—C. W. CURRY.

The shortest way to do many things is do only one thing at once.—Cecil.

There is an infinite variety of goods, little, and has great purchasing power.—Dr. J. H. Green.

Fathers are often the greatest, best, and most beloved men.—Seeon.

It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man himself deserving of praise.—From the Latin.

He knows little of himself or of the world who does not know that sufficient happiness is to be found in poverty.

Let us be constant, though we may be poor.—Fiddling.

On all our infirmities, vanity is the dearest to us. A man loves his wife more than his vices to keep that alive.—Fiddling.

For every grain of wheat there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something.

Tue way to cure our prejudices is this—that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and then he will be happy.

Let it be borne in mind that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together that neither life nor death nor time nor eternity can sever them, are the strongest bonds that man ever made.—George S. Hillard.

He is a red, and the most robust man in the world.—Pascal.

**A SEEMLY LIFE.**

Woearer than fashion for itself a seemly life?  
Then fret not over what is past and gone;  
And, spite of all them may have lost behind,  
Art thou not still a man?—and been a man.  
What each day wills, though for those to know,  
What each day wills, the day itself will tell;  
Do you not know that man's worth is content;  
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge;  
Be sure thou hast no need to be a knave,  
Then all besides leave to the Master Power.

[This story commenced in No. 28.]

## THE Casket-of-Diamonds; OR, HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

### CHAPTER IX. AN INTERVIEW WITH SILKY.

**T**HIE sudden opening of the door, which probably had not been securely latched, caused Rowly Parkway to fall flat on the floor at full length.

He did not lie there the fraction of a second, however, and Rush Simmerton were startled at the unexpected invasion of the apartment, and involuntarily retreated to the rear of the room.

Rowly sprang to his feet again as soon as he had struck the floor, and walked forward to the middle of the room, for he knew very well that if he did not do so, he would be passed.

On the table under the gas burner lay a very handsomely mounted revolver, which the burly but drowsy tenant of the flat had taken when he came in. Rowly picked up the weapon, for he thought it had better be in his possession, under the present circumstances, than that of the intruder.

Though the appearances were all against him, he felt that he was engaged in a good cause, and he was not at all afraid of being discovered, when the tenant at the door had thrown him. He had no little natural dignity of character, and with the pistol in his hand he felt quite up to his own weight.

Folding his arms he stood erect, with the weapon in his left hand, looking about him to see where he owned the house and all that was in it, rather than like an intruder, as he really was.

"Who are you?" demanded Silky, when he had some measure recovered from his consternation.

"I am an innocent young man of sixteen, seeking his fortune on the stage of life," replied Rowly promptly, borne on his impetuous way in a paroxysm of fury, as though he had read,

"Then you are an actor, you young rascal!" said the occupant of the room.

"Just now I am, though I don't feel that calling my business any better."

"What are you going to do with that revolver?"

"I am in a bad way of circumstances at the present moment, and I have not the least idea what I shall do with it."

"What is your business here?"

"I hardly think I have any business here, and my call upon you was altogether an accident."

"You take things very coolly."

"Do you attribute to my taking this handsome revolver?"

"It was rather cool for you to take possession of my property as you did; but I set me at defiance in my own apartment."

"I thought it would be safer for me to have it; and I have no particular business with you at the present moment, I may as well take my leave of you."

"I suppose I am a burglar, my dear fellow," interposed Silky, who had by this time recovered his self-possession.

"You are very kind; I did not expect to be admitted to the privacy of your room after my unusual appearance a strange."

"Perhaps you will be willing to explain how you happened to tumble in at the door as you did," suggested Silky, with a smile.

"I followed a gentleman into this house, and I suppose I leaned harder against your door than I intended; but the door could not have been hatched, or it would not have opened so easily."

"Possibly you will oblige me by giving me your card."

"I don't happen to have any cards with me; but I refer you to your friend, who has been too bashful to say anything about me so far."

Silky looked at Rush with an interrogation full in his expression.

"This is the fellow I was telling you about—the one who I knocked the other in the street," replied Rush rather sheepishly.

"Oh! indeed? And what did you say his name was, Rush?"

"Rowly Parkway, I believe; but every body calls him Rowly."

"Thanks, Rush. I am very happy to know you, Mr. Rowly. You did a good thing for me, I hope. Hope and I married you for it. I should have done the same thing myself if I had known where; and I said as much as that to Rush."

"Thank you for your kind approval of my conduct. It is getting late, and I must bid you good evening, though I have been here for a week now, and Rowly, resuming his speech.

"Not yet, my dear fellow. We shall be friends for life, and we cannot part yet. It occurred to me that you might be here later on, and I wanted to speak to you again at the door when it flew open," continued Silky, moving toward the armchair.

The burly intruder arose and brought the revolver into a more convenient position for use.

"Of course you have a perfect right to adopt your own conclusions," he said; "but I am

I suggested something to him, and he drew the key from its place, and then suddenly slipped out of the room.

"Don't go yet, Rowly, my dear fellow," called Silky.

He closed the intruder paid no attention to him, but he inserted the key and turned it in the lock, making his late friends prisoners in the apartment.

"Follow him, Rush!" cried Silky in a loud tone of dismay.

Rush did not wait to hear any more, but pulled the revolver in his pocket and walked leisurely down the stairs, and out into the street without being challenged by any person.

"What he was doing was not what he did not know what else he might be; but he concluded that it would not take him long to open the door again. He had been here before, and had attempted to break into the store; but he was not quite contented with the amount of information he had gained.

them. Taking possession of the latter, he continued his watch over the movements of the burglar.

### CHAPTER X.

THE SISTER OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

**R**OWLY was not the only one of the shopkeepers on the street; but at least the last night of Silky, who had either concealed himself, or had passed out into the next street.

But it was nearly eleven o'clock, and he felt the increasing weariness of the night, and the fatigue of the store, and when he had returned to Broadway, he gave the private signal at the door.

The door was opened very carefully a little while, and the clerk in charge was there.

"Rowly, 4653," replied the applicant for admission.

This was the pass for the night, and he was given only to the clerks who were to be on the watch.

"This is a pretty time to come, Rowly," growled Ambick, as he opened the door a little more to let him in; then the applicant had the right to come in.

"I came here before ten," replied Rowly.

"I understand," the clerk, who was a man of forty, in anything but a pleasant tone.

Rowly availed himself of the permission, and entered the store.

"What do you mean by saying that you came here before?" It is almost eleven," snarled the testy Ambick.

And he was sent to the regulator in the watch department.

"I took a look at the back of the store when I came first, and I found a man at work on one of the windows, so I thought it best, trying not to make too much of the incident of the evening."

Amslock was more pliable than, and Rowly told him his adventure, and exhibited the marks to prove the truth of his story.

He did not consider it necessary to say anything about the robbery, for they had no connection with the attempted robbery of the store.

"And you say the fellow who was on the ladder came back to the rear of the store, does he?" asked Ambick, when he had heard the narrative.

"I did; but I lost sight of him then," replied the junior clerk. "There were two of them, and very likely he was looking for the other other."

"They may try again at a later hour, for they went to work at the rear of the store. I think I will walk around to the back door."

"I don't believe they will try it again to-night," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a drawer under the counter.

"Keep a sharp lookout while I go to work."

Rowly left him out of the store at the front door, and went to the rear, and took a careful survey of the lofty windows. Under the one where the burglar had been at work, he found a ladder, used for moving goods on the upper floor, and he ascended it, and found as though it had been placed there for the convenience of the robber after he had effected a break-in, without breaking the window.

Rowlly wondered if Silky had a friend among the employees of the firm who had put the ladder there; it would do most good, and he determined to go to the police station and report the fact. Then he walked to the front of the store, where he could hear the signal of his alarm, for the night when he had been disturbed.

On the way he met his master, who had brought in where he had put them, and he picked up one of them.

As he thought he had failed to find that Rush Simmerton's boots had made the marks on the paper in his pocket, he was inclined to examine all the boots that came in his way. He had about a dozen pairs of boots, and he had not taken the box containing the diamonds, for he had great faith in the bit of evidence in his possession, and he could understand why Silky, his friend, intended to poison him, that Rush had stolen the diamonds.

As he thought of the master he turned over the boot in his hand, and looked at the heel of it.

If he had examined even his first glance at the position of the nail, a sharp scream, in the tones of the female organ, started him, at the very feet of the store.

He rushed to the door, wondering if some tramp was not in progress on the sidewalk, for women did not scream in the street for nothing.



"STOP WHERE YOU ARE!" SHOUTED ROWLY TO THE INTRUDER.

will excuse me, I will say nothing on the subject."

"Your coming and your overhearing what was passing between us, though between my friend and myself places him in an awkward position, for you must have learned that he had been engaged in a diamond venture."

"I have been engaged in my own venture, but I have spoken to his feet, and he has told me nothing to do with the matter."

"I don't get excited, Rush."

"I know all about the diamond venture," added Rowly, still retreating step by step to the doorway.

"Of course you do, and you know that Rush was the only person in the world that had the least interest in taking them; but he had no more idea of the value of the diamonds than I had."

"I have a little scheme hatched or failed," said Silky, in the most plausible tone.

"He wanted his boots, not for their money value, but because they might betray him if picked up; but he did not find them where he left them."

"He had reached the door, and standing with his back to it for a moment, he felt the key in the lock.

Walking down the street a few steps, he watched the entrance to the lodging house; and in a few minutes he saw Silky come out alone.

Rush had placed himself near a pile of boxes on the edge of the sidewalk in front of the steps, and he began to climb them. As he saw the burglar come down the steps, he stopped.

Rush had a revolver in his pocket, and when he looked up and down the street, which was nearly deserted at this hour, "Then he walked down the street; but the observer circled around a pile of boxes, keeping out of sight at the same time."

Silky went but a short distance, and then returned to the door, where he was satisfied that he had all the proof of his innocence.

Rush followed him up towards Broadway, as soon as it was evident he was headed for the police station.

The gentleman "broke" led him in the direction of the police station, and he concluded that he had come to look for Blood.

Silky walked through the narrow street in the rear of the store; and seemed to be looking for something, but he did not find it. He wanted his boots, not for their money value, but because they might betray him if picked up; but he did not find them where he left them.

He had been walking along the spars, and Rowly followed him, though he took pains to hide his form by dodging, keeping out of sight at the same time.

The lad was lying just where it had fallen, and the boots were in the box where he had put



## THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

## THE KETTLE ON THE CRANE.

How many pleasant pictures does the recollection bring!  
Of home and bygone pleasures that around the fire-side cling!  
What treasured reminiscences come thronging on the brain,  
When I hear again the singing of the kettle on the crane!

Hear it singing, singing, singing,  
Low, low, low;  
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,  
Soft and low.

There's the broad open chimney, with its roaring, crackling fire,  
Built up with logs of genoa size to make the house warm;  
And, near the waiting table stands, sprawling  
With a smile, the kettle sings and sings upon the crane.

Hear it singing, singing, singing,  
Low, low, low;  
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,  
Soft and low.

The *Yankees' Statesman*.

[This story commenced in No. 262.]

## THE

## Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Author of "Ivan," "Ja Southern Seas," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## A CONVERSATION WITH HETHERING.

**T**HE sudden intervention of young Hethering created quite a sensation among the excited group around the campfire.

"Stand away, Hethering, this is my quarrel," exclaimed Percy, whose discolored face showed the mark of a pretty sharp blow.

"If you will be so good," he continued, fairly beside himself with wrath, "you'll not refuse the satisfaction due one gentleman from another. Give me your card."

The Robs, who stood at the excited host's speaker, thus recapitulating the language of old time duello, in mute astonishment.

"Card!" repeated Rob amidst a sudden silence. "I have none. As for satisfaction—which I suppose you mean going on with this fracas—I certainly refuse. I never was in a bar room fight before. I was forced into this by persons who preface themselves gentlemen. Not now, not fight."

Hethering wheeled round squarely at the sound of Rob's voice.

"May I never if it isn't you, dare!" he exclaimed in wondering accents, which were drowned in the cry of "coward" from those who heard Rob's refusal.

"Confound your fist fighting," shouted his exasperated opponent, who was struggling to pass Hethering. "I mean satisfied with pistols. Will you fight me them?"

"Not being a natural born fool, I hardly think I will," was the cool answer. And again, though fainter, the cry of "coward" was heard from various parts of the room.

It was then that Hethering's voice made itself heard above the tumult.

"I don't know what you fellows call a coward!" he cried, "but I happen to know that this stranger you're showing such contempt towards has got more pluck in his little finger than the whole of you put together."

Only a scion of English nobility whose fast and furious life had been passed in wealth, could have uttered upon such a bold statement. Before the astonished crowd could recover from their surprise, Hethering, regardless of Rob's muttered expostulation, gave a brief recital of the latter's descendants.

The heated blood of the South produces a corresponding warm heartedness, which itself is quick to recognize real courage.

"By Jove!" Percy exclaimed. "I saw account of the thing in the papers. Give us your hand, dare. I behaved like a fool."

As the leader, so the crowd. Five minutes later, Rob's hand had been grasped, and all who could get near him, greedily at his countenance. And by those who were the most honest, his steadfast yet courteous refusal to partake of the various beverages suggested, was regarded as a still further proof of his courageous young manhood.

It was with some little difficulty that Rob got away from his now enthusiastic admirers, but finally he succeeded, acting like Hethering, whom he thanked with unaffected earnestness for his championship.

The latter led the way to a seat in one of the booths, and the gay street with its parade and passing show. His former coldness had given place to the geniality of a thorough English gentleman once his crust of reserve was broken through. Brother John and Hester, sometimes misunderstanding each other in social intercourse, but never for very long.

Hethering was not content till he had drawn from his companion, in brief detail, all of his adventures since Rob, with his companions, left the Bonanza lodge.

Never was a better listener. He roared with delight at the recital of Chip's capture, and the subsequent disappearance of maid. His eyes dilated to their utmost capacity at the journey through Death Valley and the *maze* of the phantom ship. And when he learned of the weird adventure of the bold adventurer, not less than the tragedy of the canyon cave, Hethering's astonishment knew no bounds, while his congratulations were profuse.

"I wish I'd been with you," he said regretfully—a wish that Rob hardly felt at liberty to echo.

There was a brief pause. Hethering had just parted his lips to ask another question, when Rob broke in rather awkwardly.

"I—I—suppose Colonel Lamonte and—the rest of them are back from the ranch."

It was Hethering's turn to appear slightly awkward.

"Yes," he said, looking down at his neatly polished shoes. "A—rather unpleasant news called them back to New Orleans the day after you said good by to all the Indians."

"Unpleasant news?" inquiringly repeated Rob.

"Bad case of smash, don't you know," was the reply. "I'm afraid he's up to something through his New York brokers—something in wheat or oil or some slippery thing—bottom out, and they call the colonel lost half a million."

"...not me?" Hethering, fearing his thick stick between his knees and avoiding Rob's eyes. "City house here is to be given up—horses, carriages, what outfit in fact, and I—hear they're going to sell the ranch, which will relieve the colonel down to Miss Doris for a birthday gift a couple of years ago."

This was unpleasant news with a vengeance.

"How does Miss Doris bear it?" asked Rob, wondering why young Hethering spoke in such brief disjointed sentences, and altogether appeared ill at ease.

"A—well—I haven't seen her since the smash," responded the Honorable Guy, turning very red. "Fact is, we're not rich—something in England that means I don't marry money, why I must grab for a living. Army, church, or study for barrister, don't you know. I don't like the first, and ain't bright enough for the other two."

"Yes?" returned Rob, in a non-committal sort of way.

The governor and Colonel Lamonte had a sort of understanding, and Miss Doris would make a match. "I found out she didn't care for me that way, don't you know. Then the governor wrote me I'd better not compromise myself now that Miss Doris wasn't in the heiress line. You see—"

"Yes, I see," was the quiet reply. "Are they still in the family mansion?"

"I believe so, 202 St. Charles Street," responded Hethering, who, to do his justice, was an honorable, upright young fellow as ever lived, but subject to paternal pressure.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

AT COLONEL LAMONTE'S.

**S**EEING that the turn of conversation was embarrassing to his companion, Rob changed it to his own affairs again. He spoke more particularly of his hope of finding one of the parents

from whom he had been stolen in childhood, "like a fellow in a novel, don't you know," as the Honorable Guy expressed it.

While they were talking, Mr. Nutter, a rather heavy looking individual with a hook nose and slightly Hebrew accent, came up the stairs and excused himself to Hethering, promising to see him again, sauntered away.

Mr. Nutter's report, as rendered from certain penciled notes in a thick memorandum book, was not particularly encouraging.

A professional violinist, De Lancy by name, had established himself in Poydras Street some three years previous. Came from Chicago, where he had been stolen in infancy, and possibility of getting him back to his whereabouts through an agent employed by child-abductors. Being foolish enough not to employ a detective in the matter—Mr. Nutter laid emphasis upon this—had failed in his attempt. Grew despondent. Neglected engagements. Left the Poydras Street lodgings for cheaper ones in the French quarter. There, Mr. Nutter had been unable to trace him, but had no doubt that he should very soon be able to "get a clow."

"You obtained some description of his personal appearance, of course?" suggested Rob.

Mr. Nutter smiled slightly, and extracted a somewhat dingy photograph from the pages of the memoranda, which Rob eagerly snatched from his fingers. "I—I—I took it to the boarding mistress—I took it of the album in the room," said Mr. Nutter.

But Rob was not listening. The picture was that of a tall gentleman with slightly wavy hair, a well-groomed beard, and an intellectual face. In one hand was a violin and bow, the other, very long and slender, rested on the table at which he was standing.

"It will keep?" Rob eagerly asked.

Mr. Nutter was doubtful. But for "a consideration" the photograph changed hands.

"The likeness between you and your son is very remarkable," he said, "and I am sure he will be a credit to the family when he grows up."

"It was her mother," he responded, "who, fully recovered from the fatigues of the journey, Rob walked the pretty mare slowly up the wide thoroughfare in the direction of 202 St. Charles Street.

Handsome equipages dashed past, equestrians of both sexes looked approvingly at the young fellow's firm seat in the saddle, and pedestrians muttered and gossiped about the young master of Chateaux, but Rob seemed to see and hear nothing.

Two objects were in mind to the exclusion of his outward surroundings. One was the hope of finding his father very soon, the other of a meeting with Doris, his friend.

Colonel Lamonte's city residence was one of those massive old structures surrounded with a profusion of flowers and shrubbery which adorn the most aristocratic parts of the city.

Arriving, Rob new Chiquita's bride to a lustering negro boy, and stood for a moment hillock irresolute at the foot of the stone steps flanked on either side by crackling lions.

Then in the soft shadows of evening had fallen over the city, there were no lights visible—either in the upper rooms or those on the lower floor, nor were any signs of life to be seen.

But all at once through the long French windows, which the heavy blinds drifted the notes of a piano. A dreamy and somewhat sad nocturne was wafted to his ears, and intuitively he felt that it was Doris playing.

With a leap, with a leap with a fast beating heart, Rob found the hall door standing wide open, also the door leading into the spacious front apartment. No servants were visible, and ignoring conventionalities, Rob strolled softly into the room where the minstrel still charmed sweet music from the keys.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Doris," said Rob, advancing half in hand through the dark, darkness, and the young girl, with a little cry of surprise, wheeled sharply round on the seat.

Well, it is not my province to attempt to repeat what was then and there said. They talked till the moon sent its clear light, and Chiquita's small hoof was heard impatiently pawing the gravel before the house. And as may be imagined, each spoke of those things which had come into their minds since that last meeting. Only Rob said nothing of his hope of finding his father. This was the reason for another time.

"I shall call tomorrow and see your father again," said Rob, "but I want to repay him his generous loan for one thing, and I have a proposition to make for another."

"We'll be glad to see you," was the quiet reply.

"City life has no charms for me," Rob went on, with a little hesitation. "I mean to see if he will not his experience against him will not be a profitable investment."

Doris, who saw through the delicacy of Rob's motives, could not make any response. And silence was evident.

"And now before I go, Miss Doris, will you play and sing 'Robin Adair'?" he said, his favorite ballad, as I think I've told you before."

Without hesitation Doris returned to the piano. Her voice, a sweet well-trained soprano, rose on the evening air, and the occasional passers by lingered as the pure notes reached their delighted ears.

A tall shabbily dressed man, with a violin under his arm, paused and listened with a half dreamy smile.

"I am the son of one of my old pupils. God bless her," he murmured. And moved by some impulse for which he did not try to account, the shabby musician ascended the steps, and as Rob held the door open, before the entered unannounced; so Colonel Lamonte's servants had all departed with his failing fortunes.

(To be concluded.)

## A TRUE FAIRY TALE.

A Southern town has been expatiating on annals of human kind, that it decimal should be ranked with the enchantments of a Cimelia. Much has been written of late concerning a cotton seed oil trust. Here is the brief, but marvelous history of the cotton seed, as given by the *Atlanta Constitution*, the journal in question:

For seventy years despised as a nuisance and dumped or dumped as garbage.

Now it is the food for which the world is hungry, and rapidly admitted to the rank of ugly utilities.

Shortly afterwards it is to be nutritious food with something like respect.

Once admitted to the circle of farm husbandry, it will be the tenth in its claim to success, on the ton, or \$4,000,000 for the whole crop of cotton.

But then a system was devised for refining this oil up to a purity of \$1 a gallon, and the frugal Indians placed a cash of it at the root of every olive tree, and then defecated the Borean horse.

And then the oil was a fertilizer, and a better soil was produced of its thirty five gallons of oil than before.

And that the hulls of the seed made the best fuel for heating the engine?

And that the oil of the hulls had the highest commercial value at \$10 a ton?

And that the refuse of the whole made the best perfume of Lubin or Colgate?

And now comes a gentleman of this city with a proposition to refine fine oil from every ton of cotton seed meal after the oil mills have done with it. In the "tailing" of the oil mill he finds this unexpected animal oil, which, when dissolved with naphtha, leaves the meal more nutritious as food for beast or field than before it took \$10 per ton from it.

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## NOT JUST RIGHT.

BARRETT'S "Life of Edwin Forrest" contains many interesting anecdotes of the famous tragedian; but there still remain many which have never been printed. Once, when he was at a "Wife's" party, Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Geister's attendant, should have remarked: "I see you a love a jest; but jest not now." Imagine Forrest's feelings when that worthy declared: "I see you a jest; but not jest now!"

## WORDS.

BY ALEXANDRA E. PROCTOR.  
Words are mighty; words are living;  
Opener of doors, and windows, strings,  
Or bridges over crossing roads;  
With heaven's light upon their wings,  
Every word that never died,  
True or false, that never lied;  
Every word man's lips have uttered,  
Echos in God's skies.

## Two Queer Adventures.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON,

LUTREL and I sailed in the ship *Ashok* from London last November, and in about twenty sailing days, I was a young Yankie sailor making my first voyage under an English flag. Lutrel, on the contrary, was a Maldivian, and his father a wealthy London merchant owning a quarter of the ship we were a

boy. Lutrel, who was about a year older than myself, seemed to take a great liking to me, despite the difference between our stations in life. As often as was possible we were together, and he promised to use his influence to get me the third mate's berth on our return voyage.

Between the Maldives and Laccadives, about two hundred miles west of the Ceylon coast, we caught the bad weather attendant upon the change of monsoons. And one night, in the midwatch, while I lay in my bunk, a "goose wing," a sea boarder, was sweeping everything movable from deck.

Among the movables was the ship's goat, Lutrel and myself. The goat was never afraid of us, and Lutrel and I were strong enough to grasp a spare topgallant yard washed from the top of the house. And in the next instant, with the shanty of the goat, found us drifting down toward a small schooner rigged vessel of foreign build, while the Akbar was nowhere in sight.

The vessel was what is known as a *lorcha* of the largest size—say a hundred tons burthen. She had a both ends, with a broad beam and two stumps bamboo mast with latens to the yards. In the space between the two a ridge stay was set, which kept the clumsy looking craft to the wind.

As she was originally built, being now almost within ball, we let go the yard by mutual consent, and took fast for the *lorcha*, over whose low rail no sign of a face could be seen.

"Good gracious!" Lutrel exclaimed in varied wonder. "In my experience I never saw such an unusual—and ridiculous—sight in all my days."

Squaring away the dry part of the deck in the beams of the sun now about two hours high, were fully two score monkeys, every conceivable color, shape, and size, from a tiny spider monkey up to a really malevolent looking old chimpanzee with two prominent fangs, which he displayed most threateningly.

But as I was about gazing in my own amazement, a roar of terrific volume suddenly resounded from below. Then followed a screeching sound, and in another instant the heads and shoulders of tall grown tigers were thrust through the same passageway, which, as we afterward knew, led to the vessel's forecastle.

Lutrel had seen the animal's head was toward Lutrel and myself. And the way we slipped down on the loom of coil cable was woe seeing. But with a simultaneous shriek, the monkeys scattered, screaming and screeching—scrambling over each other's heads in their frantic hurry.

As though satisfied with his exhibition of authority, after uttering a sort of subdued growl, seemed to subside into the forecastle, where he had evidently found something to eat. We caulked and regrouted our position we could hear him creaking bones of steel, and snarling as though for his own special benefit.

We had kicked off our shoes while swimming. Before I knew what Lutrel intended during he slipped onboard in his stocking feet and drew over the companionway slide, while was made of hawk's-down.

Again, that terrible roar, and with it an upward rush. We heard the tiger's head strike

underneath the slide, but it was evident enough that he was trapped. Then each of us drew a long breath and looked around in wild-eyed amazement.

Well, there was no particular mystery about it. A large cage, lashed to ringbolts on the deck, had been completely smashed, doubtless by a shipwrecked boat. The tiger, thus released, had then without doubt taken charge of the deck. The debris was from the broken cage, which had been cast overboard when it was broken.

Therefore, we argued that all hands had preferred braving the dangers of the deep to facing a lively and presumably hungry tiger, which weighed at least three hundred pounds.

Along the beach, half a dozen cages had been scattered by the different parties of monkeys that over our heads were chattering furiously and making the most outrageous grimaces.

The bars of each cage had been twisted one side, from which Lutrel and

In the hold was a store of partly green bananas and plantains, intended for the monkeys. These we brought on deck, but it was only when we had secured the cage that we permitted them to come down, hungry as they were. And late that afternoon we sailed into Point de Galle Harbor, where we came to anchor with a string of monkeys—the score or so of monkeys being perched along on either of the two tapering lateral yards.

There were a dozen or more on board with a throng of curious visitors listening to our story with great interest. It seems that the *lorcha* had been chartered by an agent of Mr. Dewey, who said he could save twelve thousand dollars by buying the ship to England.

"You have an undoubted claim for your pay," he said, "but you would save twelve thousand dollars by buying the ship to England."

"Which finally we resolved to do."

But Mr. Dewey had started the day before for awakened him. So Lutrel started in one direction and I in another, hoping to discover the lost track, or at least find some one who might point us in the right direction.

For ever since morning we had heard time to time distant reports of musketry, which, however, did not seem a perfectly peaceful island, where the natives were continually skirmishing. Lutrel thought it might be in celebration of some native holiday; hence, shortly after, we fit out for encountering a party of pirates.

Carrying a Martini rifle belonging to Mr. Dewey, I had hard twice twenty paces from the hut, when I heard a sharp report from my constructed habitation. In another moment the entire family came out to meet me.

In explosive language I told them to make known the fact that we were lost in the jungle and wished to be directed to the high road. And so soon as I had done, I knew whether the native had any idea of what I wanted.

But on his own part he also went in for pantomime, which was quite as blind to myself. And after an extended period of silence, he pointed from the bullock cart to an open space in the jungle. Then he showed his wife and son, and a few low-slung, turned and entered the hut, followed by his wife and interesting progeny.

"This place might as well try that track as any," said Lutrel, when I reported to him a little later. So we started on the bullock cart in the direction indicated.

That afternoon we came very suddenly upon decided evidence of at least one camp, but nothing more. On either side, as far as we could see, was a high, circular stockade, built in the strongest possible manner, enclosing the acres.

But what this vast enclosure could be intended for I could not then comprehend. Lutrel, however, was not so easily satisfied.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed Lutrel, holding up his hand.

Following the sound of a noise peculiar to tropic interiors, came a continuous popping of muskets—not now on the right hand, now on the left, and now in the center, and yet heard them. And between the explosions horns were blown and drums beaten.

Lutrel seized the drunken Singalese by the shoulder and pulled him out of the wagon. The suddenly sobered son tried to bring him to his senses whenever railing his eyes vigorously, he looked about him in the dark, smoke-filled enclosure. Then, as the adroit hands smote upon his ear, he uttered one comprehensive yell and bolted for the open.

As Lutrel stared at me in bewilderment, a distant crashing of boulders began to be heard. And all at once a long line of woods facing the entrance to the stockade, appeared a big elephant.

"Jumping to the star in heaven, we did not know which he headed straight for us. Following came not one but twenty. And following the two were at least three score more, and both the elephants. At the same moment a tremendous fusillade burst from the center. Yells and screams followed, and a hundred native bows rushed into sight.

I remember that Lutrel threw his gun to his shoulder and fired at the charging elephant, involuntarily I did the same. The great monster, however, fell and died within ten feet of where we stood.

The remainder of the herd, with head trumpeting, broke right and left in the very center of the stockade, and dashing through the fleecy line of beasts, were lost to sight in the jungle.

For a moment it was as though we had escaped death in one form or another. For, maddened by the escape of the mighty prey upon which for four days they had been mainly dependent, the natives made a mad onset toward Lutrel and myself.

Fortunately at that moment Mr. Dewey, a surprised Englishman, came up on full gallop, and with a shout of rage in the native dialect, the half naked mob stopped on the instant as Dewey rode forward.

He roared again, rather impatiently to Lutrel's half-dazed explanation.

"It's a pretty expensive job for me—now I shall have to wait a couple of weeks for an outfit to be drawn up for me, but I suppose I can't be helped. We'll start right away if I don't think he was any better pleased when he learned our errant party particularly as after conference I happen to be upon three hundred guineas as his live stock?"



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE ENTIRE FAMILY CAME OUT TO MEET ME.

I naturally inferred that the tiger was in search of one or more victims.

But we were chilly and hung on to as the *lorcha* was making good weather of it, and camped over night upon the after companionway into the small, dimly lighted and not overly clean cabin. It was completely dark outside. On

the map of the Indian Ocean, and from the course marked out in pencil we saw at once that the *lorcha* was from Point de Galle on the southward.

There was dry clothing in a berth—woolen shirts and two trousers, with straw shoes and a couple of coasts, such as are worn by all natives. The clothes of those who had dressed themselves in these we found some time of the locker, to which we did not dare to add.

The northeast monsoon had begun to blow with the subsidence of the gale. Hoisting the lateen foresail without over much difficulty, we were soon off and away from the *lorcha*. Later in the day we managed to get the mainsail up.

Thus we were at the tiller all that day and the following night, which was bright and clear. The tiger roared furiously at intervals,

but we had got quite well accustomed to that. And the tiger was a wretched creature, as Lutrel, wrathfully, "Rouse up, you copper skinned rascal!" But shaking failed to

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## THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A RADIANT MEMORY.  
BY MARION CLEWELL.

Two lovely days went one day.  
From homes with every comfort blessed  
That wealth can give, a friend to seek  
With whom to share the bright, the rest,  
Bleak was the way—the air was chill—  
The sky was dark with wintry gloom;  
And still the world was wide, alone.  
They found her in a dreary room,  
And yet years after, looking back,  
Urged him to go forth again, bright,  
With sunny paths and cloudless skies,  
For memory to them returned.  
Only a kindness shined in grace,  
A gentle smile, a look, a gemmed,  
A smile upon a wistful face.

[This story commenced in No. 270.]

## Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINBRIDGE REED,  
*Author of "Reginald Cruden," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE DEPTHS.

A CHILL October squall was whistling through the trees in Regent's Park, stirring up the fallen leaves on the foot-path, and driving many more from their bedizened trundlers, their perambulators, shiver suddenly and think of the nursery fire and the singing kettle on the range. The gathering clouds were so thick they kept to the ground for a waterproof, and emptied the carriage of the vehicle in which a few people were taking a walk.

A little knot of small boys, intently playing football, with piled up jackets for goals, were the last to take shelter at the following sky. It was still a bright day, but there was no doubt that they scattered right and left, and left the park empty.

Not quite empty. One young man sat on the seat through the rain on which from which he had been watching the boy game. A shadowy, pale, moon-capped youth, maimed with a disagreeable face and an almost contemptuous curl of the lip, as the rain gathered round him, had drawn his coat around him in the face and drenched him where he sat. There were a hundred severe reflections on the seat on which he sat, and by walking scarcely fifty yards he could have escaped the rain altogether. But he sat, red-faced and shivering, but the worse for it, his eyes still on the empty football field, and his ears ringing with the merry shouts of the departing boys.

My reader, had he chance to pass down that deserted walk on that stormy afternoon, will see the same scene in the lonely occupant of that seat the John Jeffreys he had seen six months ago at Clarges Street. He was a gaunt, thin, haggard, ill, and that his clothes were ragged. That was bad enough, but the other two seen in him as he sat there before. What he has not seen before—or if at all, only in passing moments—is the bitter, half-faint onlooker of his misery. A stranger passing him that afternoon would have said,

"There sits a man who hates all the world."

We who know him better would have said,

"There sits our poor dog, a bad, dead, desolate even by hope."

And so it was.

Jeffreys had left Clarges Street, smiting under a sense of injury, and still returning to the search for his good name, in which for so many months past he had been engaged.

By now he had reached Rimbolt. Although he knew bid Mr. Rimbolt was at home, all this would not have happened, his pride forbade him to take a single step to release himself in his house. He had been so unmercifully expelled. No, not even when that house held within its walls Percy and Ruby. That was his secret.

On the contrary, he would hide himself from them, even though they sought to find him; and not till his name was as good as theirs would he set foot in Rimbolt again.

So thought poor Jeffreys as he slowly turned his back on all that was dear to him in life, and went out into the night of the unsympathetic city.

At first, as I said, he tried to hold up his head. He inquired in one or two quarters for work, and when he could find none came up,

"What is your character?"

"I have none," he would say, doggedly.

"Why did you leave your last place?"

"I have none away."

"What for?"

"Because I am supposed to have killed a boy."

Once indeed he did get a temporary job at a warehouse—as a porter—and for a week, a

happy week used his broad back and brawny arms in carrying heavy loads and lifting weight. Hope sprang again within him as he labored. He might yet, by beginning at the lowest step, rise above his old name and conquer it.

After a week or so he was dismissed, in an outbreak of rage over his account. He was impeached before the head of the firm, and it was discovered that he had come without a change of ticket. Then he was sent to a place out of the office at five minutes' notice, with a threat of a policeman if he made it six. And even then he was not safe. He was brought in the warehouseman's blotting paper, and one doubted that the cashiered rogue was as canning as he was nefarious.

After a week he gave up what seemed the farce of holding up his head. What was the use, he said, when, as sure as night follows day, that same name of his dogged him wherever he went?

So Jeffreys began to go down. In after days he spoke very little of those six months in London, and when he did, it was about people, and not about himself. What he did, he said, was to help him, and how he lived, these were matters he never mentioned again, and did never like to be asked about.

I am sure myself that the reason of this silence was not to hide his shame, but to keep it from being known. He was not one of those

who used to, "But a man who spoke like a gentleman, who took no pleasure in his work, who was a scroft, and sat dumb while they talked loud and broad, seemed to them an interloper and an intruder."

One—it was about the beginning of August—in a lodging house across the river, he met a young fellow to whom for a day or two he felt drawn. His story was a sad one. His father had been a man of means, but the boy had brought up in luxury and virtue. While at school his father had died, and before he had got to a mate, who not only broke her heart, but, after setting himself to corrupt his stepson, had to a brute, who not only broke her heart, but, after setting himself to corrupt his stepson, had brought up in luxury and virtue. While at school his father had died, and before he had

got to a mate, who not only broke her heart, but, after setting himself to corrupt his stepson, had

"After all," he would say to Jeffreys, as the two lay at night almost on bare boards, "what's the odds? I may be miserable one day, but I'm

used to it. But a man who spoke like a gentleman, who took no pleasure in his work, who was a scroft, and sat dumb while they talked loud and broad, seemed to them an interloper and an intruder."

He held out the bottle tremblingly and with a hand that shook volumes.

"Take it, lad," he said, "have a baleful, and perhaps I never shall again."

Jeffreys took the bottle.

"I don't care if that, Jeffreys, will bring another man of you. You'll forget me into dreamland. You'll forget I will be a scroft, and a failure. You're a scroft, and weak; you are you ought to take it. You're not too good, surely—eh?" Man alive, if you never do drink, you won't taste a drop of brandy, you'll pass me out. Come, I say, you're keeping me waiting."

Jeffreys sank on a chair and raised the bottle half way to his lips.

What was it, as he did so, which flashed before his eyes and caused him suddenly to set down the bottle?

Nothing real, it is true, yet nothing new. Just a momentary glimpse of a boy's pale face somewhere in the gloom of the little room, and then all was as before. Yet to Jeffreys the whole world was suddenly altered.

He set the bottle down, and neither hearing nor hearing the expostions of his companion, he left the house never to return.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

A STRANGE RESCUE.

THAT night Jeffreys lay in the wet, blustering part of the town; and the poor wretched prodigal, deserted by his only friend, cried out in the heat of his grief, and cursed again the boy who had once saved his life.

Jeffreys, hidden in another part of the great city, sank to a lower depth of misery than he had ever known. He had seen the same had taken form in the face of young Forrester, and was dogging him in adversity more relentlessly even than he had done. He had not seen him not at all, but it had saved him from a drunkard's ruin. He despised himself, when he came to himself, as a scroft, a failure, a scroft, so weak. Yet he avoided his old quarters and turned his back on the one friend he had, rather than face his own friend again.

He half envied his new fellow lodgers. Four of them, at least, stood upright, and though they managed to shake off care and live merrily.

"Come old galoot," said one young fellow, "put up your head! You're safe enough here. Don't be down. We're all in the same boat. Save up them long faces from old Forrester, and get along to the police court. Don't spoil our fun."

It was half pathetic, this appeal; and Jeffreys for a day tried to be cheerful. But he could not do it, and considerably went somewhere else.

How long was it to go on? A time came when he could get no work, and standing stolidly stoned in the foggy, a dying, gaunt, gaunt, he was a kaf, and once again he was doomed to live.

But the sun, and the proceeds of a week's odd jobs, came to an end, and now once more, as he sits in the rain in Regent's Park, he faces something more than the cold. He has not tasted food for two whole days, and for all he knows may never taste it again.

So he sits there, with his eyes still on the football ground, and his ears ringing still with the merry shouts of the boys still playing.

The scene changes as he stays on. It is a football field, but not the one in a stadium. There are high trees, towering shadows across the green turf, and in the distance an old red school building. And the boys are no longer the lively London boys, but the boys of the provinces, and the names they call each other he knows. Nor is the game the same. It like the London boys' game, has ended suddenly, but it is a bitter sickness in the soul of the boy. It is silent, awe struck group round something on the ground; and as he observes, elbows his way through the crowd, he sees the boy lying there pallid and perhaps lifeless.

Then instinctively he lifts his hands to his ears. For a howl rings out on all sides which deadens him, stuns him.

And the boy is dead. He has lost his life in the October squall in Regent's Park buffeting him with a fusillade of mud and withered leaves. He takes his last breath, and falls to the ground, gasping, gets up, steps lead him round the park and into the long avenue. The rain and the wind are still, and a few dead leaves, carried by the gusts, are emerging from their sheltered and speedless home.

The park keeper had at last come to the path in his water boots, as he had braved the elements since daybreak. And there, coming to meet him, sheltered under one umbrella, are two who perhaps have no guard against the storm for defending them in the gale that afternoon,



JEFFREYS SLOWLY DREW THE DROWNING MAN FROM THE WATER.

fellows who revenge themselves on fate by deliberately going to the bad. At his worst, he had no right to feel "not any affinity for it." He may have seen less because he was born low, but because in his miserable feud with all the world he scorned not to share the lot of others. His money—he had a few pounds when he left Clarges Street—soon failed him. He made desperate efforts to keep it, and was ready to sell the end of his coat for it, and he let them go. But when it was gone the old necessity for work came back. And the day he finally even ventured out of his court for fear of being seen by some one who would attempt to rescue him from his present condition. At midnight he wandered about in the streets of Covent Garden, picking up an early morning job at Covent Garden Market or in the omnibus stables.

He followed his trade increasingly, one winter inhabiting a garret in Whitechapel, another sharing a common room in Whitechapel, another doing without lodgings altogether. He spoke of his past, but in such a fashionless way, not because he despised them, but because they thought shabby of him. They disliked his superior ways, and his ill-conducted discourse of their habits and vices. They could have forgotten him for being a criminal in hiding; that they

joyfully the next. Now you seem to prefer to be uniformly miserable."

"Hardly a mark of preference," said Jeffreys; "but I am sure that it wouldn't be more miserable to be jolly."

"Try it. You'd give a lot to forget all about everything for an hour, wouldn't you?"

"It would be pleasant."

"You can do it."

"By drowning asleep."

"I suppose some time I'm most miserable. I remember the old days then, and my mother, and—I say, Jeffreys, I was once nearly drowned at Eton. Just as I was going down over the last stretch I put out my hand to catch a sailor saw and I came in and fished me out. What a born fool I was to do it. I was grateful to the fellow who pulled me in."

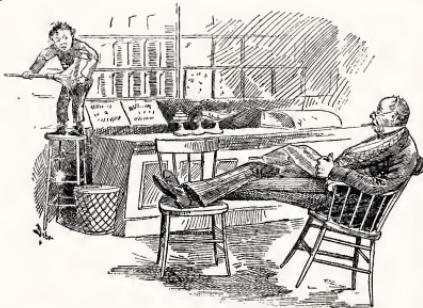
And the poor fellow with all the malady out of him, cried himself to sleep; and Jeffreys in mere silence word to stop him.

After a two—three strong and vicious weak one. It kept a soft comfort in Jeffreys's heart to find that he had been spared the degradation, and to the poor prodigal it was worth anything to have some one to talk to.

Coming home one wet morning from one of his nocturnal expeditions, Jeffreys found his fellow lodger up, with a bottle in his hands,







A VERY GOOD BOY.

**EMPLOYER (lying off).—** "My boy, you are working well! Pretty hard, too, for \$3 per week."

**BOY.—** "Tain't that, sir, what I work fur; it's fur the example I'm setting ye, sir!"

**COWBOY DICTIONARY.**

At a certain school in England, where the pupils wear a distinctive uniform, their own clothes, which they only put on when they leave for the holidays, are termed "gomers," a contraction for "go home." This reminds us of the old name cowboy given to the men who were engaged in work recently printed in the New York Sun.

For many things common to both Eastern and Western cowboy uses, names which would be puzzling to any one east of the Mississippi, a man is called a lally heeler,

and a value is termed go casting. A white shirt is called a white feather, and a man who has white faces. Similarly he calls anything Hereford that is white; for example, Hereford dishes, Hereford cattle, etc., and so on until further, a "white" man is known as a Hereford man. A white shirt is also called a bald face shirt for a second reason.

A pillow the cowboy calls a heading, as anything he puts his head upon; and a house in the plains is called a heading. A hotel is a road ranch. A sandwich is a hand-out, a fair meal is a square, and a tall head is a tall head.

\*\*\*

**A BLIZZARD ECHO.**

An entirely unique exemplification of the old saw that the longest way round is the shortest way is the following. It was a blizzard, and it was blizzard. For three days Boston had to cable to London to find out how things were going in New York, while the winds under the ocean of course were not being affected by the storm.

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No. 22

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